

The Historie of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he maltred there a doule spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so Wild at liberty:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my courtesie
Arme, arme with speede, and fellowes Souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now,
O, Gentlemen the time of life is short,
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an hower,
And if he liue, we liue to tread on Kings,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs,
Now for our Consciences, the armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust, *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best; and heare draw I a Sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood thath I can meet withall,
In the aduerture of this perillous day.
Now esperance *Percy*, and set on,
Sound all the loftie instruments of warre,
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

Henry the Fourth.

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time doe such a curtesie.

*Heere they embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King enters with his
power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and sir Walter
Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name that in Battell thus thou crosest me?
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dom. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dom. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King *Harry*
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud Scot,
And thou shalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight, Dowglas kills Blunt, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.

Dom. Als done, als won, heere breathlesse lies the King.

Hot. Where? *Dom.* Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*;
Semblably furnisht like the King himselfe.

Dom. Ah foole, go with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare,
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dom. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Vntill I meet the King. *Hot.* Vp and away.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day,

Alarme, enter Falstaffe solus.

Fals. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I feare the
shot heere, heere's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are
you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, heere's no vanitie,

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